

an eminent minister of Jesus Christ, now stationed in one of our New England Churches, and is a worthy help-mate in the great work of making the world sober and holy, with a husband who knows how to appreciate her worth. Here let me stop to say, that while the gospel is calculated and designed to elevate the female sex, and lift them to the place and invest them with the honours designed for them in the creation of God, the operation of brandy is to dishonour, and depress, and enslave, and destroy them, till the name of *wife and mother* are a reproach and dishonour, and go out in total darkness. Oh! when the aggregate number of wives that have been distressed and destroyed by rum, and of broken-hearted mothers who have gone down with sorrow to the grave, are reported in judgment, it will be felt to be the world's blot, and shame, and everlasting reproach, that no spirit of chivalry arose to rally round their persons, and protect their honours, and draw the virgin blade upon their destroyers.

Here chivalry would have found grants to cope with worthy of the war, who were spreading a broader destruction, and making a wider and wilder waste of beauty, and loveliness, and character, and worth, and hopes, than ever perished on the imagined fields of chivalry through all the years of story. It would seem surprising that in heathen lands, where are found all the generous properties of our nature, men did not rise to vindicate their wives and mothers, break down the prejudice of caste and custom, knock off the shackles that bound them for ages, and set them free. But the ingratitude of men in gospel times and countries, who can live at peace with the hordes of drunkards that infest christendom, and permit them to wage an interminable war with innocence and loveliness in our cities and villages, is a broader disgrace upon the family of man—the heathen had been bred in ignorance of God and his word, had never seen woman free and honoured as the mother of her children, and the mistress of her house. But in this land and age, the men that have witnessed these ruins, and connived at them, have known that women have better rights, and should be cherished and honoured. All this they have from the authority of God.

And here let me say, that the depravity and consequent brutality that, through the maddening influence of rum, was brought to bear on that community around the Cogniac Club, was the more outrageously dark and infernal in its character, because it spent its fury upon the loveliest community of females, as a whole, that I ever met with on so many acres of territory in any other spot of earth.

The exceptions to this remark were few

and far between. They were well educated and disciplined nobly for the duty of blessing their families, elevated in their principles, established well in their piety, and sweet in their manners. The very wives that were exposed to the boorishness of the Cogniac Club, were worthy of palaces, and some of them would not have done dishonour to the robes of royalty. And I say all this most sincerely. Many a time, while witnessing all this worth in the females of that town, have I thought of those lines of the poet,

"Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
"For native rage and native fear,
"Rise and forbid delight"

Facts were developed in the case of H—— which should be written, if possible, with a sunbeam on the face of the sky, to be read by a thousand generations to the end of time, showing how the cup can effectually and eternally separate one section of the community from the other. The females of —— had qualified themselves and their daughters to be the associates of a noble race of men, that should fill the first offices, and share the highest honours of the state, and in the United States, and in the courts of princes; but the Cogniac sunk them below their wives and their daughters, and left them standing and shrivelled like girdled trees of the forest, while the young and healthful saplings that had not been hurt by the fire, threw their proud and lofty heads above them and around them, and stood at length the towering and waving pride and beauty of the wood.

And our prayer should be, that such another experiment may not be made while the world shall stand.—Like the experiment made when the first pair took the accursed fruit, one trial should suffice for all the nations and all the ages. So may God decree, that there never will be another Cogniac Club, till the archangel shall blow the trumpet, and call the nations to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

To be continued.

Extracts from the Journal of the Agent.

December 9—A few days ago, I was visiting in the lower part of —— street, and whilst I was conversing with the people whom I was visiting, I heard a man give an unusual scream. I enquired what it meant. They told me it was a man of the name of ——, who was drunk. They looked out, and said he was lying in the water-course, and the water running over him, (it was a very cold night,) and he unable to rise or extricate himself. I entreated them to carry him into a house which was convenient. With some reluctance they did it, because they said, they were tormented with him, and they were resolved to let him suffer; next day I went in search of him, and with much difficulty I found him. When I told him I had been in search of him, he was anxious to know my business. I told him, and after expressing my love for body and soul, for time and eternity, he looked at me with amazement—the tears began to flow down

his cheeks; he said I was the first man that ever reproved him, or looked after him, since he left the land of his nativity. He said he was a man that had received early instruction on religious subjects, by a pious mother, who had faithfully impressed eternity and eternal things on his young mind, and led him to the means of grace. He said, for seven years previous to his emigration to this country, he never tasted ardent spirits; but when he came here, feeling himself a stranger, in a strange land, and separated from the society and associates that he once delighted in, he was induced to embrace the invitation of those who led him to the ale-bench, and after this became a moderate drinker. However, he accumulated some property, and still took his glass in moderation, until latterly he has contracted such habits of intemperance, that he has sold his property to support his extravagance, and now, has squandered the whole. He is now without property, without money, & without a home, his wife and a small family are in the most abject poverty. After I had conversed with him on the subject, he said he would give it up. I left him some tracts on alarming subjects, I went to see him since, he was not in the house, but his children told me he had stayed at home from the time I had been with him first, and that he had read the tracts with attention which I gave him.

December 17.—I was visiting for the Temperance Society, I called on one man who had been a wretched drunkard. I have known him to be drunk, *insensibly so*, for a week, he neither eat nor drank for four days, at the end of which time his wife thought he would not live. When he got sober I went to see him, gave him some tracts, and pointed him out the evils of drinking for time and eternity. He said he would join the Temperance Society—he did so, and now he says he has better health, he has more work to do, (he is a shoemaker,) he has peace in his family. I see him repeatedly going to his church on the Sabbath, and he says he has not one desire to return to his folly.

December 24.—This evening I was distributing tracts, I was asked to visit a poor family in great distress. I went to see them, and when I went, I found three children in the house—one in the cradle, the other two sitting trembling with cold; they had no fire, nor seemingly had had any all the day. I sent for the mother, and when she came—it was an affecting sight, to see the mother and three children in such abject poverty—without victuals, without clothes, without firewood, and without bed and bedding. I enquired how it was they were driven to such poverty—she told me her husband had a neat property in the suburbs, two or three years ago—they could live as comfortable, and much more so, than many of their neighbours, but he began to drink. He soon drank out the property, sold all his furniture, and drank all he could get—he then ran off and left her and five small children in the most distressing situation, without any thing to support them, and the neighbours say they don't know where he is, for he has not been with her these twelve months past.

Infanticide.

This shocking species of murder is not confined to the cruel habitations of heathen lands. Mothers in New Hampshire kill their infants.

In Alton, an intemperate mother, in order to quiet her child, gave it a large quantity of ardent spirit. The child immediately sunk into a senseless stupor. A physi-